

Lovingly Dedicated
to
Prof. W.J.V. Babcock

THE GREENBOOK
OF
THE CLASS OF 1978

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| UNTITLED | Robin Moores |
| "SPRING FEVER" | Patty Rice |
| UNTITLED | Dave Crofford |
| "REMEMBERING" | Patty Rice |

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HOME

There comes a time in every mans life, when he must leave all that is familiar and accept the responsibilities for which he has spent a lifetime preparing. It is right and just somehow, that for the young, the days of the past become secondary for a while, lest they obscure the brightness of the future. Perhaps it is my youth that causes me to look back often, yet, I believe it is instead, love. Saddened, because I cannot return, yet, amazed to discover that in the depths of what I am, I really do want to. Still, I have discovered that yesterday has helped shape my tomorokw, and that tomorrow will be the fulfillment of yesterday, both for me and my parents. Yet, for me, the years that I spent at home will remain as the North Star on whose light I will set my course.

Ours was a warm home. Throughout the times of difficulty and frustration, ther was always the warmth of the inner glow that a family nurtured in love possed. It was the kind of atmosphere that seemed to make home the very best place in the world to be. It is not nostalgic reminiscences that make it appear so now, for I find the truth of it even today. Often now, when I am so far away, I recall the sound of laughter, of music from our old piano, the sight of my father studying in the big yellow chair beside the fire. How many times I do not know, I have listened to a woman sing, and heard the voice of my mother as she lifted the clear soprano notes in a rhapsody from her heart. I've turned at the sound of a young woman laughing, only to find that it was not my sister at all. Yet, I find that I am not saddened, but strangely alive at the memories of home. Within each of our hearts we carry with us a small portion of the warmth which characterized our lives together.



to the tune of
"On Top of Old Smoky"

Oh, I am so lonely, I want to go home.
And I miss my Mommy--want a room of my own.

I go to my classes, I don't learn a thing.
I don't do my homework, just sit here and sing.

I don't have a boyfriend, I am an outcast.
It seems like forever that Friday nights last.

The washers and dryers have appetites rare--
When we finish our laundry, there's no underwear.

I walk through the hallway with only a towel
When I hear someone holler "there's a man in the hall!"

Each night as I walk through the door to come in,
The things that they're doing are really a sin!

They sit and they rassle 'till I realize
Just what they're doing, then I close my eyes!

I don't dare to walk here, the townie's are there.
I don't dare to breathe here, there's soot in the air.

I ironed my best dress, bought for Deja-Vu
But the iron was dirty, soon my dress was too.

One night I heard screaming "the panty raid's on!"
We ran to our rooms and prepared to bomb.

With spray starch and perfume, air freshener and talc,
We tried out our weapons 'till the place really stank!

We screamed and ran ragged, heart's beating, aflame.
The building was shaking, but the boy's never came.



A RUDE AWAKENING

Man's initial entrance into the world and the ensuing period of discovery, is often discussed with phrases that abound with philosophical overtones. If it were possible to obtain a definition of this process from the mouth of a newly arrived infant however, it is quite probable that birth would be denoted as a "rude awakening" to an alien and rather foreboding environment. Although an individual is the object of creation only once, the maturing human being is born into new and different realms of thought and feeling throughout the course of life.

It is through the awe inspiring but difficult ordeal of birth that the newly created life leaves the warm, sheltered security of the womb, to find himself thrust into the cold, automotized atmosphere of the hospital. The adjustments that the freshman college student must make if he wishes to adapt, are analogous to the postnatal adjustments of an infant. The student must also bid farewell to the parental "womb" of the home, before entering the impersonal and institutional atmosphere that the college or university campus affords.

Inherent within the existence of every baby, are two accompanying fears; the fear of falling and that of loud noises. The daily lives of many freshman are characterized by comparable anxieties that include the fear of failure as well as the panic induced by the startling and often overwhelming din of professors, administrators, and peers.

After triumphing over the perils of the birth process, the infant is exposed to a rather intensive period of observation, following subjection to the rigors of being measured and weighed. If he is



underweight, he is labeled as premature, and is placed under close supervision in an incubator until he reaches the designated norm. During the first week of school, orientation procedures include an extensive testing program, which mandates that the new members of the student body be sufficiently weighed and measured. These scales however, are designed to calculate language and mathematical capacities, and to measure scholastic achievement. Those who fail to meet the standard level are placed into remedial programs such as reading lab, until they are considered ready to compete without the assistance designed for the scholastically "premature."

As a new entity and potential consumer, the infant's birth and related information is carefully recorded and documented. Entering freshmen are properly registered in order to make their existence on campus "official."

Just as birth is followed by an intensive period of training that will eventually enable the individual to function less parasitically (known as child rearing); so is college delegated the responsibility of mentally nurturing the student. It is the "weaning" process involving a heretofore dependent social member, which is intended to result in a relatively independent and contributing citizen.

It is sometimes necessary to slap the infant in order to stimulate his reflexes and motivate response. Many times it requires the stinging remarks of a professor's criticism to serve as a stimulus for inspiring creativity or motivating serious thought.

Both entrances mark the beginning of a continual process of growth. There is little one can do that will alter the easily obtained measurements of physical growth. The height of maturity or the depth of under-



standing is not so easily measured, but there is much that one can do to inspire growth. The infinite potential determined by the mind expanding efforts of the individual is that which inspires awe. It is not the "rude awakening" of college entrance, but that which follows that determines growth.

Life at E.N.C.

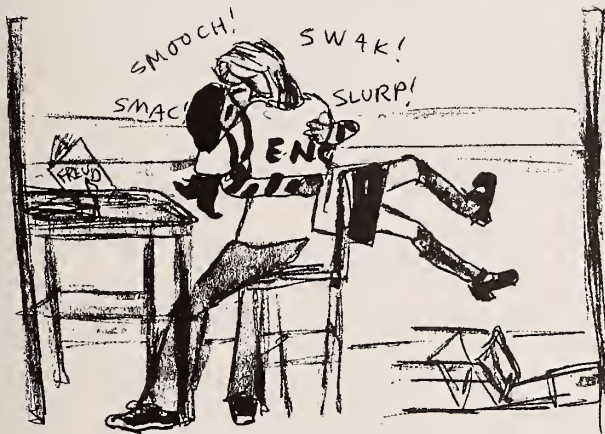
ON A DATE!!



TWURP - WEEK !!



STUDING in the Library?



CAFETERIA??



BIB-LIT - CLASS



BASKETBALL - GAME....



James Nault
1975



THE MARRIAGE MART

Welcome to Eastern Nazarene College, the Marriage Mart; so called because at no other place on the eastern seaboard can you find so many young, single, Nazarene girls looking for young, single, Nazarene men and vice versa. Informal and scheduled classes are held from morning to night seven days a week in the art of securing a mate, and the homework is most enthusiastically carried out. The fact that this major must be worked in around various courses of minor importance only adds to the challenge. ENC can rightly boast of being a very liberal arts college.

The entire system of ENC has been carefully devised to unofficially include this course. Freshman and upperclass girls are carefully separated to aid the male in determining the age and class of the female of his choice. The married students are required to live off-campus, thereby weeding out most of the ineligible. The best feature is that of all the information centers the world over, the best place to go for complete data on the opposite sex is a college dormitory. All freshman are required to join one of a system of societies designed to bring about a further separation according to interests and to provide various athletic, religious, and social events which function perfectly as covers for the underground major. Even the regularly scheduled classes make satisfactory matrimonial hunting grounds. Students can search history for precedents, (Helen of Troy, Solomon and Sheba, etc.) make devious calculations in math and concoct formulas of their own in chemistry. The curfew hour for the girls provides the hint of opposition necessary



to make any love affair flourish. It turns the evening into a combination of Strategy, Beat the Clock, and Would You Believe.... The greatest thrill of the night is racing for the dorm with just thirty seconds before the bewitching hour strikes and you get turned into a pumpkin.

The roles of male and female are firmly set and stereotyped. The male is dominant; stronger, more aggressive, the authority to which the female should submit herself. The female is classed as the "weaker sex" or the fragile flower, something to be cherished and protected, but for all that, generally rather inferior somehow. The customs of EMC place much emphasis on the separation and maintenance of these roles. Men penetrating the inner sanctum of the girls dorms are forced to give warning by calling out "Man in the hall!" This is similar to the cry of "Unclean!" used by Biblical lepers in that it advertises the alien status of the one approaching. Aside from this one instance, the impression given is that the girls are there on suffrage by the men and for their amusement, such as the panty raids, during which the girls are supposed to be passive and resigned--or at least scared stiff. Any attempts at resistance or retaliation are promptly and suitably dealt with and are looked upon as rank insubordination.

The dating system currently in use allows the males to be sole arbitrators of which of the females will become the "chosen," and with a ratio of three to one, they can't go wrong. The advantages of this system may not be immediately apparent, but they are there. The presence of so much competition forces the girls to sharpen their wits (and their claws) and prepares them excellently for the great matrimonial market they will have to compete in should they fail to capture their prey before graduation. The men, with such a bountiful supply of

girls on hand, can be assured of a safe margin for trial and error testing.

To further guide the girls through their perilous course, the concept of status is employed. Naturally for the more beautiful and desirable of the female segment of the student body, only the males with a suitably high degree of "status quo" will be acceptable. This sets a certain limit on competition. For the faint of heart for whom the strain of active competition proves too much, there is the good old-fashioned custom of "going steady." This is unmistakably the product of a free enterprise system in that it incorporates the principles of private property and "laissez-faire" (hands off).

Hunting season at ENC extends from Labor Day to about the end of May, and to some of the enthusiastic participants it must seem to be no sooner begun than it comes to an end. But even in this short period of time many successful hunters manage to capture some very acceptable trophies and some even contrive to bring 'em back alive. Whether one is a success or a failure, the finale for all is that final moment of graduation when the seniors solemnly march down the aisle two by two, while from the organ swells the heart-stirring strains of "Here Comes The Bride."

He was sitting on the old tree stump in front of her dorm, and she could see him from her only window. He had a book in his hand and seemed to be reading, but as long as she had been watching him, he hadn't turned a page. He had blue plaid pants and a navy turtleneck on, and looked very sharp, in her opinion. But then, he always did.

She had noticed him for the first time on registration day. While she had been standing in line, bemoaning the state of her poor aching feet, she saw him talking with someone else ahead of her. Apparently, he was an upperclassman helping with freshman registration, and some shy little blonde had gotten mixed up, so he was trying to show her where to go.

Since then, every time she turned around he was there. And now he was sitting right underneath her third floor window. Calmly she wondered if he was waiting for someone. Her next thought was that whoever it was must be a girl, as he was just outside the girls' dorm. Then it all came to her, in a rush. Maybe it was her! After all, he'd said hi to her every day for the past two weeks. That's the way lots of guys were, anyway. You never suspected they had any interest in you, and wham - they asked you out!

She leaped off her bed and started yanking at her dresser drawers. She'd put something decent on, and then she'd just wander outside. As she rushed past her window toward the closet, she heard his voice--and froze.

"Hey, come on! What's been taking you so long?"

Then they laughed, and she whirled around. But a guy and a girl were already headed up the sidewalk, and he was gone.

GOOD MORNING

I woke before her that morning. I remember it because it was not only our second anniversary, but also three months since we first moved into the woods together. She was sleeping lightly beside me, curled up, when the early sun found its way through the trees, and a crack in our window, gently playing in her hair, flickering and stopping for a brief second to caress her face. Looking down at our feet, Benjy and her kitten slept soundlessly, unaware of the beautiful morning going on outside.

It was a beautiful morning. Taking a deep breath, I could smell the clear blue sky, the fresh green leaves, and the warm morning sun all at once, bringing a tingling sensation to my nostrils. The care-free singing of the morning birds, a chipmunks endless scolding of everybody and everything, and a gently rustling wind in the leaves all made me want to break into a song and join the symphony. The window above me caught a gust of wind, causing the walls of the tent to puff out, filling the tent with a cool, fragrant breeze. With a contented smile I stretched my legs and yawned. I was being very careful to take enough time for each toe.

The kitten woke up next, rolling over and somehow ending up on his feet, stretching, as only a young kitten can. Seeing that I was awake it began its journey up the mountainous terrain of my sleeping bag enclosed body. They were beautiful cats. Benjy was a purebred Persian, all black with green eyes. Her kitten, Roach, was a healthy, rambunctious creature and fortunately got along well living in a tent. We weren't allowed to keep pets in our apartment, and when we decided to move out with nature we couldn't resist bringing the two cats. When she finally



reached me, she greeted me with a few rough licks of her tongue and a high pitched, throaty purr. "I'm glad to see you, too!" I thought as I gave her a squeeze.

A screaming blue jay disturbed Arden's sleep for a few brief seconds until her arm found me and closed tight. A smile and a kiss on the shoulder bewildered me and I tried to look into her dreams. She was quite a woman. She cooked all of our meals over an open fire, and that's no picnic, you can be sure. Between me, the two cats, and the constant chores of being a homemaker of the woods, I don't know how she did it. A cake, too, how did she bake a cake? Unknown to her, the scent of my surprise anniversary present gave it away when I came home early the day before.

Just then the wind died down and I could hear the murmur of the cold, mountain brook running in a half circle around our tent. Gazing at Arden's face I tried to imagine her expression when I'd give her the present. We hadn't had much money left and I had spent most of it on the stove. A sparkling new propane gas stove, a beauty, and she could use it. I couldn't wait to see her cooking with it. Suddenly she opened her eyes and caught me gazing at her. "Good morning!" I said in a singsong voice. We both laughed.



IT WAS A SMALL WORLD

Looking back, Marie would probably say that those misty, magical Sunday afternoons were what her childhood was all about. Lying there alone, in her small room, in a small house, in a small town....a girl with a small life. Yes, "small" is a very fitting word she'd say. Her world was so small, so narrow, so alone. Mostly it consisted of herself and what went on inside, and then sometimes someone would briefly peer in the windows of her soul, but her fear quickly shut them out.

Way down deep behind her big, sad eyes crouched in fear, hid the real Marie, desperately withdrawn from the outside world that she so much wished to enter. But no, one couldn't trust people, she'd felt, and in some ways she was right. And then she'd remember painfully, fistfights and hateful words from people she'd almost thought she was going to be friends with.

Wandering back through the misty past, she remembered another little girl with blond, curly hair, who used to like to play jacks a lot, and never fought much, and she relived how she hated to say good-bye when her family had to move way far away to New Jersey.

It was hard to make new friends--too hard. As much as she wished for friends, Marie could never really find someone to fill Alice's place. Was it Alice?...so long ago....so easy to forget the name, but never the person or the place she had filled in Marie's world.

Marie, drifting back, could see herself trudging up the street with books and a heavy clarinet, and an even heavier heart. Tears



running down her cheeks, trudging up that small street, into the small house, hoping to make it to her room before someone spotted her and asked what was wrong. Once in her room, she'd curl up in a ball on her bed and cry it all out "Nobody loves me, no one wants me--why?" Then she'd wipe her eyes and nose, and take out a book. Soon she'd be 'lost in a world of fantasy and dreams, forgetting herself and her problems for awhile.

So much of her week was like that, and then came Sundays. Mom and Dad always had Sunday afternoons planned out as a "nap time." Marie would slip quietly up to her room and there, suspended somewhere between dream and reality, the magic began. Tucked in to the warmth and the quiet security of her bed, she yielded herself to the magic hum of all the neighbors mowing their lawns; it seemed so far away. She often wondered why everyone saved their lawns for Sunday afternoons, but Sundays wouldn't have been Sundays without that magic hum and the confused sound of other children playing tag in the street, and music from the house next door.

Quietly, she slipped into that dream world, where she loved and was loved, and it lasted so sweetly and magically till it was time to wake up and get ready for Sunday night church.

Then Marie's family moved again, to a big house, on a busy street, in a busy town, and Marie grew up and that Sunday afternoon magic was no more. But still the suspension between dreams and reality, between the desire and need for love, and that haunting fear, devoured her soul, dominating her life.

Then, one summer, a very special man came into Marie's life, and he made all the difference. She was fifteen then and still painfully shy and unaquainted with reality in so many ways. All that she'd



ever dared to reach out and touch of it had only disallusioned her more, increased her innate fear, and soiled her innocence. This special man, though, spoke of love and somehow she knew the voice was one she could trust. It was different somehow, so undemanding, so patient, so giving, and ever so understanding and tender. She knew he cared that she could not but hide and withdraw. Though she couldn't accept even his love at the first, still he kept loving, kept quietly, tenderly waiting for the first moment when Marie could reach out just enough to accept even the smallest portion of the depths of his love for her. Way, way down his love reached so tenderly, so unobtrusively that she could not but bask her starving soul in that love; love that reached to the little girl crouching in fear, to the deepest need, and the darkest fears.

Marie fell in love with that man, and he changed her life. Oh, it wasn't a sudden thing. It happened ever so slowly. So slowly in fact, that Marie was hardly aware that she was learning to love, that she was changing. Gently he took her through the years and led her, hand in hand, into a world of reality, harsh, yet softened by his love and care.

"Something beautiful, something good,

All my confusion He understood

All I had to offer Him was brokenness and strife

But He made something beautiful of my life."

That's the song that rings so softly, so everlastingly in Marie's heart now, for that amazing love, that changing love, was the "forever" love of "the man Christ Jesus."

She looked so innocent sitting there reading the menu and sipping her drink--but there was more to life than her forced innocence. Long dark hair flowed from the part in the middle of the head that schemed so well down past the ears that heard everything to the shoulders draped in a pale pink designed blouse.

Her streaming hair waved and dipped and curled at the tips. The candle-light flickered and glittered on the silky black, chestnut-brown to auburn strands. Her hair served her as a refuge to hide in but more often she flung it sausily with an air of indifference or independence. It's scent was a soft lingering fragrance of herbs.

Her skin is a smooth Spanish olive. Although occasionally slightly blemished, it is naturally pretty. Being repulsed by make-up, her skin glows with a fresh, healthy clean.

She wears tinted eyeglasses but they can't conceal the penetrating magic of those hazel eyes. Her eyes change colors as suddenly as her moods. I have seen them a flashing blue, soft gray, piercing green, and a hateful brown. They know all and can tell anyone her secrets if they listen carefully.

Her lips are pink and full. They shine with wetness from a tantalizing lick of the tongue. They part easily into a knowing smile, happy grin, and a sexy, teasing smirk. Her smiles are exciting and sincere.

Her clothes are casual and comfortable. Her pink plaid blouse, unbuttoned four buttonholes from the top, becomes enticingly sensual. When sitting at a certain angle, a bare white breast was exposed. her silver medal laid in the slight cleavage.

Yes, she looked innocent but if you could climb into those private thoughts.....



She watched him assiduously, benignly. His round face is topped with rather long hair for his profession, at least his place of employment. It seems to make him more individualistic. It varies in color from light brown to straw blonde to a distinguished grey. Curly hairs of the same color peek from the opening in his shirt.

He also wears tinted glasses. His eyes are warm and laughing. They are contemplative and reflect his thoughts. His eyelids drop under her stares.

His lips are thin and his mouth is small. Eloquent, vivid words flow from his mouth. His shy smile and dimpled cheeks are oh! so cute.

His hands are very expressive also. He constantly uses them to physically describe his words--to better convey his message. His hands are smooth and little. They are delicately shaped, tapered. They are tender and warm and very gentle.

The two ate and talked and giggled and sipped their wine. There was something unique about their relationship. Although they recently met and by other people's standards have innumerable differences, they share a feeling, a commonness, an ease and a compatibility with each other. They chatted on every subject from God and Hemingway to sex and racism. Their sharing of themselves with each other was almost a communion in its unspuriousness; almost holy in its respect for each other.

No individual or society has the right to condemn their friendship or any expression of that friendship, and providing it is sincere; sincerity being the umbilicus of the universe.

Their friendship should continue--she needs it, he needs it.

OF LIFE, LOVE, DUCKS IN OCTOBER...

Yes, I remember that day. That day of sunlight filtering through pine trees, that day of vivid flowers and green green grass, that day of sweet trees turned yellow, red, and orange. Remembered, too, are the grayed brown hewn pews and the weather-cracked brown cross silhouetted against the warm blue sky.

That day we walked down the narrow dirt paths brushed with bright bushes, softened with birdsong, and we sang silly songs of life and love, and ducks in October, making up the words as we sang along. That day, we jumped from rock to rock, flower to flower, tree to tree.

We talked, too, that day of why birds sing the songs they sing, of why trout swim in sun-speckled streams, of why squirrels scold from sky-high tree limbs far above their winters' supply of food. That day, too, we talked of our lives when he would be gone, our lives when he would return. I would have my plants and my animals, and he would become full of wisdom and love so that even the plants would know him and his new spirit. So that day, we knelt down by the clear brown-gold brook and prayed for the strength we would need from our Heavenly Father.

Then, hand in hand, we stood up and splashed and waded our way down the bright bubbling stream to where a grove of deep thick fir trees stood silently and solemnly on the bank. There we sat on the sun-warmed ground carpeted with pine-scented needles, and we ate our fistfuls of dried raisins and our thick chocolate bars and drank the clear sweet water, washing our souls in the cool freshness sweeping by. There we fell asleep, cradled and covered with the warm sunshine and the sweet clean air.

We awoke to the damp coolness of the evening air, the sun already



sunken low behind the mountain, Slinging our hiking shoes and socks over our backs and singing at the top of our lungs, we set off upstream for home. Gone now were the buds and starting their own song of home and happiness were the crickets. That evening we walked all the way home to the accompanying chorus of the night creatures.

That day was the last day I ever saw him, for early the next morning before sunrise, he left home "to find his new life." Occasionally there's a letter in the mailbox from him full of lovings and growings, full of dreamings and sorrowings, full of his missing the little things of life that when shared with love become a cup of overflowing happiness. There's a phone call now and again from California or Oregon, or a postcard from Florida signed "love, Adrian." Once there were even roses for a very special event in my life. That day of sun and singing, laughter and living, shared with the animals of the forest and field, to this day means more to me than almost any other in my life.

but of course i couldnt do that
it wouldnt be right

anger rose so quickly one minute there was no feeling at all and the next it was right there in the middle of my entire being a black round spot growing and growing until it had pushed almost everything else out of the way

hurt was there too like a little puppy who knows hes done wrong and is afraid to come to you but cant stay away so he comes shyly at first, but then jumps all over you and tries to knock you down

then the blackness and the hurt reached my arms and legs and my mouth i wanted to scream kick hit and do all the kind of things he wouldnt like but of course i couldnt do that it wouldnt be right he would frown and think i was just a spoiled brat from some where out in the hicks who didnt know how to act i knew i couldnt let him see any of these feelings because i liked him too much while i was thinking this the blackness kept growing and the hurt kept jumping all over me i turned my head and felt tears pushing past my eyes my arms went limp and i dropped my books he smiled at me slowly and i think he just wanted things to be all right again so he bent over and picked up my papers i had to grit my teeth to keep all those hateful words from rushing out and leaping at his face clinging to all his features wiping off that hopeful look and making him realize that what he had done was wrong someday when somebody did it to him he would know how much i wanted to make him cry but of course i couldnt do that it wouldnt be right

then i realized he was saying goodbye he expected me to go suddenly i didnt want to go anymore i wanted to stay and tell him i was sorry for all the awful things i had said and done but then he didnt know i had done them anyway so i just said see you around and the black thing inside of me began to get smaller and became a circle again some of the hurt went away but most

of it was still there when he turned and started walking away i almost smiled
but every time i tried to smile the circle would get bigger and the hurt would
jump in my stomache i stood there watching him go away and the blackness grew
and grew and exploded hurt was all over the place in my eyes my nostrils my
mouth in the air so i ran as fast as i could finally i got away from a lot of
it a girl walked by me and said hi i smiled back at her and said hi even though
i wanted to hate everyone because of what he had done but of course i couldnt
do that it wouldnt be right

Five feet six inches, one hundred and thirty-five pounds, sun-tinted brown-gold hair streaked with gray, and two hazel-green eyes that can change quickly from laughter to sorrow--this is my mother. Ever ready to listen to problems or to give advice, quick to be excited with you or sad with you, and always full of praise and encouragement as well as comfort and understanding when things go wrong--this, too, is my mother.

Game-for-anything-Hazel describes her better than any of her childhood nicknames, because that's exactly what she is. Dad tells stories of the family 's escapades camping and mountain climbing, where he and Mom would take turns carrying my younger sister Kathy up and down the mountains in a pack on their backs. And when my father bought a house way back in the woods, with no plumbing or heating, and wanted us all to move there, my mother said "why not" and off we went. At age fifty, she was ready to carry water, chop wood, heat water, and get up at five in the morning just to start a fire in our wood stove so that the house would be warm when we kids hopped out of bed to get ready for school. During the winter, we received many unanticipated fringe benefits such as having to chop a hole in the ice of the brook in order to have some water to wash our face and hands in before we headed down the road for school.

Then, too, she had an overwhelming love for us kids, and when we went through our "but-you-don't-really-love-us" stage, we hurt her more than at any other time in our lives. Countless are the times, out of pure love for us, she walked three and four miles into our little New England village just to be present at a concert or a play my brother or I was involved in. Even though it was winter, with snow-covered roads and below-freezing

weather with a cold, slicing, dry wind. she was always there and oh-so-proud of us. Many, too, the times she sacrificed something she wanted or needed just so that our needs and wants could be fulfilled.

Today my mother is in her sixties. She's undergoing tests for something the doctors haven't analyzed yet, has internal bleeding from another unknown spot, and spends so much of her time coughing that she's physically exhausted from the strain. But every morning she's up at five, and trudges off at seven to her job with the elderly in a nursing home. If you ask her how she is, she smiles and shrugs, or laughs and says "it could be worse."

Never complaining, ever cheerful, listening, counselling, comforting, understanding, and above all loving--my mother.

THE CONFRONTATION

To one standing upon the vast expanse of prairie, the mountains appeared as a translucent mirage, faintly recalled from some past memory. As the winter moon set in the sky, the mountains became clearly defined in sharp contrast to the ebony hues of the plains. The snow on the peaks reflected the glow of the moon; nature's incandescence on the prairie, the nightlights of a settlement sparkled like so many sequins on a piece of black velvet. Like a vein of silver, the Colorado River ran the length of the plain, a forbidding boundary between the mountains and the prairies. The sky was clear, with a strip of cloud along the tops of the mountains, like a blanket over the viewer's world. It hung, neither threatening nor protecting. The night was cold and crisp, and one felt that each step would most certainly shatter the whole.

High in the alpine regions of the mountains, a lone woman looked down from the peaks onto the sea of grass now crystallized in the winter air. Against the illuminated slopes she stood in the shadows beneath a snowy crest of rock. With one hand, she pressed to her breast the carefully tanned buffalo robe which enveloped the child at her back and herself. The hard soled moccasins on her feet crushed the remnants of moss and alpine grasses not yet fully covered by the snow. She had thoroughly rubbed the skin of the child and herself with beaver tallow to protect it from the bitterness of the winter wind. Her black hair and copper skin glistened in the moonlight. She reached back to check the child, as if to protect him from some unknown danger. She was afraid.



On the endless sea of grass far below the timberline, the lights of the settlement glowed in the darkness. It was here at the outskirts of the settlement that another woman stood. There on the open prairie she looked out over the plains to the mountains. Her footsteps had bent the grass so that her coming was evident on the brittle sod. The child she carried was wrapped tightly in carefully woven woolen blankets, yet still she clutched it closer to her, covering it with the loose end of her shawl. Against her dark clothing, her light skin shone startlingly bright in the light of the moon. That light betrayed her fear.

Far removed, yet linked by an eternal, universal quality, the two women stood as if captivated. From the rocky crags one peered down into the lights of a tiny settlement. On the frozen grasslands below, another looked looked upward into the faces of mountains. Unknown to themselves the two women faced each other. Each stood protecting her child. Each wondered, searching silently. There beneath the winter moon, each trembled.



ALONE

She lay there and stared and stared and stared... Now that the leg was gone what more could the eighty year old woman do. A doctor, a few nurses to check her every little while and that was her excitement. "For how long?" she wondered as shadows of people passing floated across the ceiling. Suddenly she realized--"I am old."

"No," she cried out in her mind, but seeing it was so she settled back in the white sheeted bed. And she stared...

If only she could sit up just long enough to see the faces, perhaps just one, that belonged to the shadows coming in through the window. But again she realized "I am old." Her strength had left her.

Day after day a deep loneliness built inside yet she could only stare back at it. As time progressed she imagined more and more what the faces of the shadows looked like. Soon she saw familiar faces, friendly ones like her roommate back in college, her brother who had passed away, her loving and devoted father. And nurses and doctors began to look like old friends, too.

As the loneliness spread through her like some disease she slowly gave in to its power until her little game of faces reached its finale.

"Hello mother," she said as a nurse entered the room. "Poor woman," the nurse thought. "Her mind is finally gone."



It was a dark, foggy, dismal night, a night perfectly suited for the Halloween party we were headed for. My grandmother had rather reluctantly agreed to take us though she disliked driving in that kind of weather. Just a short distance from our destination it was necessary to cross the opposing lines of traffic on a major highway. We pulled up in the crossway in the highway divider to make the turn. Grandma looked for oncoming traffic, and seeing none, proceeded carefully across the highway.

No sooner had she pulled out than we saw the headlights of a rapidly approaching car bearing down on us. It was all too obvious that the driver didn't see us, so Grandma accelerated to reach the other side as quickly as possible. As she did, several things happened in rapid succession. Our car went into a skid, a feeling of terror came over me such as I had never before known, someone screamed, and then there came the horrifying wrench of impact, a feeling of total aloneness, hopelessness, and fear, and then nothingness.

Some time later I regained consciousness, unable to breathe, unable to answer the frantic questions, unable to let anyone know that I was alive. This frightened me so greatly that I almost lost consciousness again. Mike, my brother, had gone to call the police, and my grandmother was hysterical with fear that I was dead. Jeff, the other passenger, was bleeding severely from lacerations on his head and hand, and we were both covered with blood.

It doesn't seem strange, I'm sure, that an experience like this should make a profound impression on a sixteen year old girl. The result-



ing concussion and badly injured shoulder kept me out of school for a few weeks, and I was unable to return to work for two months. It might seem strange, however, for me to say that this caused a deep spiritual crisis in my life. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it made evident a crisis which had been part of my spiritual life all along.

The feeling of fear and aloneness continued, coupled now with a deep seated, but forcibly suppressed, resentment towards God. The days following the accident were days of hell, days and nights in which I couldn't cope with reality at all. Everything seemed to move so fast I couldn't watch. I felt like a bystander in the game of life, left alone and unable even to acknowledge efforts by those around me to reach out and help. The worst part, by far, was the feeling of a gulf between me and God, between me and others--total aloneness. This type of feeling, always so much a part of my life, was now accentuated until it was unbearable.

Gradually a healing was worked in my body, but not in my soul. It wasn't until two months later that I finally was forced to come to grips with the anguish of soul I had sought so desperately to ignore.

I received news that one of my close friends was in the hospital with a shattered leg, crushed in a serious accident that afternoon. I went up to the hospital, and as I entered the room and saw him, I saw myself there, helpless and alone again, and all of those buried feelings rose and surged over me. I couldn't live that way any more. I went home and cried in bitter anguish to God. I told Him that I needed Him always to be there so I'd never be helpless and alone again. I begged for the faith to know He was beside me even when I couldn't

feel His presence. Oh, there was more, ever so much more, but only tears could express the deepest anguish of my soul. I plead for forgiveness and healing from the months of resentment that had separated me from God.

I won't tell you that, magically, all my problems ceased. It didn't happen that way. But I can praise God that slowly He led me to insights and growth I never could have imagined. Soon I realized that God was there through those moments when I most needed Him and felt Him there the least. He had to have been there or there would have been four people dead that Halloween night. We were in the hands of a loving and all-wise God.

I've learned that I can trust everything to Him, even pain and death. He's given me the faith I needed to know He is always there, even when I am least aware of His presence with me. I've come closer to Him by facing death, than I ever could have otherwise. He has bathed my soul with love and peace and become my security, my very life. Praise God for an accident? It made possible a relationship with Him, and an outlook on life I never dreamed possible.

The protuberant lump blushed auspiciously while a cherry voice articulated the meteoric message; "No Smoking during take-off" and "Fasten seat belts tightly, please." Carlos and Scott, sitting in the same row as me, but across the aisle, had momentarily ceased their tussle. Carlos, snickering, was triumphantly planted beside the window. I would have gladly traded my plenary view to Scott. Instead I remained, invisibly constrained, fettered to my seat with the unwelcome, but nevertheless, amiable attentions of a maternal passenger. To her I was a forlorn child and she was my self-appointed protector. However, a clammy hand squeeze and a half-fluff-half-plop on my head didn't quiet my fidgets. My brothers were busy annoying the stewardesses and playing "I see a ____" with cloud formations. What imaginations; a dancing octopus?

The plane landed in Miami to re-fuel. The inertia of the plane unmanned me. I was glad when we were once again gliding through the cerulean sky and wispy cottonclouds. Flying wasn't scary, it resembled the comforting movement of my Grandma Hawk's antique rocker. The plane's kinesis soothed my trepidation.

I attempted to form a mental picture of my father, of his personality. I groped for tidbits, any information that I had subconsciously retained. Oh yeah; they had met at ENC, our churchcollege in Massachusetts. Mom had thought he was a Christian but he wasn't. He drank and sometimes hit mom. During the past eight years he had never come to see us or ever sent a Christmas card. He paid no support for us three kids--Grandpa and Grandma Gonzalez do and they come to visit us every other year when they're in New York City on business. Father remarried a woman named Nancy and they had two boys and a girl.

His complete known repertoire surfaced. Reassessing the facts, my father didn't seem like a very nice person. In reality I didn't know of one good

quality he possessed. I hated him and I didn't want him to be my father. I didn't want to meet him and I didn't want to spend the summer in Guatemala--bitterness, resentment, apprehension, and fear burst within me.

I snatched Scott's hand and let him lead me down the gang-plank. We had reached the ground and the heebie-jeebies, jitters, and jim-jams attacked us simultaneously. A grinning man jaunted across the black pavement towards us, kneeled, hugging us and squeezing the three of us together. My throat tightened as I swallowed. I bit my lower lip, squinted away my tears and searched this man's face. I heard an awed whisper, "Are you my father?"

Until I began writing this paper, as I analyzed the fights--the penetrating, poignant demonstrativeness between my father and me--my remaining reminiscence of Guatemala was that of simply a menagerie of cherished gigamaree; fresh pineapple, chameleon lizards, inactive volcanoes, "no hablo espanol," tortillias, my Uncle Oscar the dentist, oxtail soup, machete-split coconuts, Catalina, the maid, "Habla ingles?" niespedoes, Leon the gardener, black bean anything, dickering in the market place, "Vamos juguete," red racer snake, Mama Lola, uno, dos, tres...

I have always met with total indifference any questions concerning my father. The first morning I was posited opposite him at the breakfast table. It was actually the first time I had seen him in daylight. Quickly glancing, I froze, transfixed. Our facial synonymity, an external identicalness which includes a coinciding mole on the right side of our chins, typifies a miniature duplication. I didn't want to look like him. Enraged, I left the table without explanation or pancakes.

The initial collision between my father and me involved the consumption of liquor. I attended the Binghamton, N.Y. First Church of the Nazarene meticulously since I became three weeks old. Presently I was eight and the instillation of

of Sunday school lessons, Wednesday night testimonies, summer camp meeting in indoctrinations, LTL sermons, boys' and girls' camp propaganda, and my mother's and grandmother's teachings crammed my brain and heart.

Arriving for supper, I noticed my father sipping a martini. As I passed, he extended the empty glass and requested I refill it. Shaking my head to and fro, I lashed Bible verses at him: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereof is not wise. Leviticus 10:9." Smugly I continued, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, Him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. I Corinthians 3:16 and 17."

Calmly he retorted, "Honour thy father and Carmen, I am your father."

Flippantly, "Colossians 3:21, Fathers provoke not your children to anger." Turning, I sashayed out of the room.

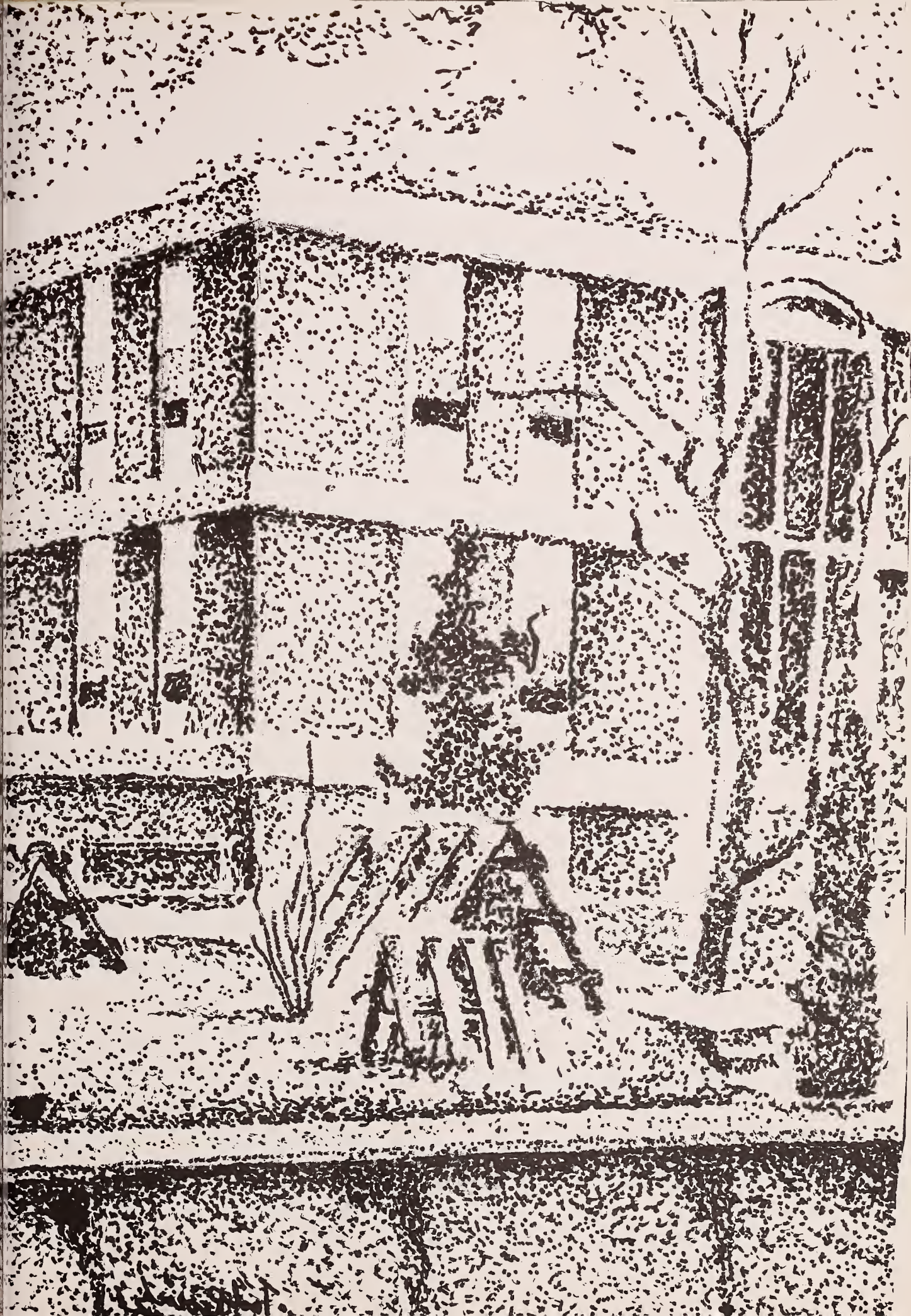
Not only were our appearances alike, so were our dispositions. I was as stubborn as he. A constant battle of the wills prevailed. The second explosion was more violent. The supper's menu included steer's tongue. The idea of eating a cow's tongue was extremely revolting to me. I refused. He insisted that part of my visiting Guatemala was to become acquainted with the country's culture and I had to at least taste the meat. Indignantly I cut the teeniest bit I could and raised it to my mouth. I gagged and spit it back into my napkin. Cursing, my father yelled, "If you are that lacking in manners, go eat with the servants!" Realizing his great physical superiority, I left the room filled with hate and shame. Later, seated at the maid's table, I was alone. Still rejecting the gross meat, I hid it deep in a garbage pail. Somehow my father discovered the meat, an hour later he confronted me, spanked me and sent me screeching to my room.

August 29, I departed with clinched fists and teeth. Six years later, when Grandpa and Grandma Gonzalez had recently visited us, I received a letter from

my father requesting friendship. I threw it away.

I recognize now that I was as much responsible for our battles as he. He isn't the ogre I detested as a child of eight. Our misunderstandings stemmed from the fact I was too callow to accept him for what he was. I judged him by the values I had learned were "correct." My mother had unintentionally biased my feelings concerning him.

I would enjoy visiting my father now. We could never be intimate; nevertheless we could discuss subjects amicably and openly and listen open-mindedly, respecting each other's opinions and sentiments.



AND HE TAUGHT THEM TO PRAY

My name is Glen Martin. I was an average student at Eastern Nazarene College, a member of the society soccer team, a real force behind my Evangelistic Association team, and a regular attender of all church and chapel services; in other words, just an all-around great guy. I took the required courses, studied the minimum, and spent most of my time goofing off in the Dugout like everybody else. I believed myself to be a faithful follower of the Lord and a devoted defender of The Faith. I was really convinced that I was doing the Lord a big favor by being in His service until the night something happened in my evening devotions that definitely wasn't on the agenda. I was saying a routine bedtime prayer at the time.

"Dear Lord, I thank you for taking care of me today. It's more than wonderful having someone to tell my problems to. I know I can depend on you to take care of them. Lord, you know that soccer game with Zeta tomorrow? I really need your help there, Lord. Just help us to win. And help me to show up good, Lord. Nancy might really start to notice me then, and you know how important that is to me. She's a wonderful girl, Lord, and a really good Christian. I can just tell she's got to be the one you've chosen for me this year. And, Lord, there's that Bib. Lit. test tomorrow. I know I didn't study enough, Lord, but between E.A. and that trip into Wollaston, and that raid we pulled on the girls last night, you know I just didn't have time. I know you understand, Lord, so I'm just asking you to help me get a good grade. I just can't afford to fail, Lord. And there's that picnic at



the beach tomorrow, Lord. I know the weather report said rain, but..."

A Voice interrupted at that point, "Excuse me."

(With eyes still closed) "Not now, can't you see I'm praying?"

The Voice continued, "Yes, I know. I've been listening."

That was too much. "you've been listening! Who do you think you are--God? (With eyes open suddenly) "Hey, who's talking?"

There was a moment of silence, then the Voice went on, "You don't know? You've been talking to me for quite awhile now, and since I do believe in two-way conversations..."

It couldn't be happening. "Just a minute," I broke in. "Are you trying to tell me you're the Lord?"

"So you say."

It was too good to be true. "Are you sure this isn't some sort of joke; you know, someone with a microphone and a hidden receiver?"

The Voice took on a slightly ironic tone, "I assure you it's no joke."

I was still dubious. "But the Lord just doesn't talk to people like this, I mean, not nowadays."

"You sound very sure of yourself."

"Well, I've been a Christian for quite awhile now; and besides, it just doesn't feel right. I don't feel I can really finish my prayer with someone listening."

"Yes, I know, but you don't talk back at me like this."

"Maybe you haven't been listening."

"But I'm the one doing the praying! And you're sort of supposed to answer. While we're on the subject, you haven't really been answering....oh boy. I didn't really mean that. What I really was trying to

point out was that solo I wanted to do in chapel. I really prayed about that, Lord. I was really upset when no one asked me."

"You had a chance to sing a solo at the nursing home when that lady with the broken arm asked you to sing to her, but you said you had to be going."

"But that wasn't quite what I asked for."

"What's wrong with asking for what I want once in awhile?"

"Once in awhile, Glen?" I began to see His point. "But I realize it's just that you don't fully understand My Way. If you don't mind, I have a few suggestions. Try reading your Bible before your Biblical Literature class. I've noticed it's somewhat difficult for you to take notes and do devotions at the same time. And try thinking of those people at the nursing home as people, not as just an audience. You might even try loving them. I think you're beginning to understand. You're not really a bad person, Glen. In fact, you could be a real blessing when you finally...."

"WAKE UP!!!"

I was still kneeling beside my bed, my head and arms slumped forward. My roommate was standing over me with a concerned look on his face.

"Are you OK?" he asked. "You must have fallen asleep when you were praying. You had me kind of scared when you didn't move."

I told him I was just fine and arose to turn out the light. Sure, I know it was all a dream; but as I was falling asleep that night, I had the strangest feeling that there was someone smiling at me.

THE CHOSEN

I'd always felt slightly inadequate whenever the various members within my circle of friends referred to their ethnic heritages with exaggerated pride. Mike Sprysinski, Karen O'Dea, Charlene Courpas, Dave Servino, and Helen Levin bore evidence of their unstrained backgrounds in their names. For additional emphasis, however, paraphernalia including "Kiss me, I'm Italian" buttons, sweatshirts labeled with "Greek is fun," and other such sloganized apparel was often worn. My conglomeration of white, Anglo-Saxon, protestant components deemed me the "mutt among pedigrees."

It was during my senior year that I left my Wendy WASP world to become associated with the Jewish realm of American society. When my father was transferred out of state, it was arranged for me to reside with Helen Levin and her family, in order that I might complete my high school career within the familiar setting of my home town. Helen and I were both excited about the prospect of becoming "sisters," but I was somewhat disheartened by the pessimism of several peers. "Diane, aren't you going to feel uncomfortable living in another home, with a family whose beliefs are alien to yours?", "Won't you miss the fun of preparing for Christmas, and what about Easter?" These thought-provoking inquiries rendered me speechless, but with the power of hindsight I am no longer at a loss for words. Indeed the experience has embellished my vocabulary with Yiddish terminology that is quite applicable, especially during moments of frustration!

When the Levin's opened up their home to me it was an opening of



their hearts as well. More than an offer of residence, it was an offering of love. Initiation into their family was one of shared experiences, which included mutual celebrations during moments of joy as well as the bearing of one another's burdens. During times of illness Helen's mom worried and fussed over me as if I were her own daughter, and it wasn't uncommon for Helen's dad to hug and squeeze me affectionately, only to release me with the comment "That's enough for now, I don't want to spoil you." Still vivid, is the memory of fear and panic that engulfed me with the news that my "adopted dad" had suffered a heart attack. Helen's valiant attempt to dispel my anxiety with the comfort of "He'll be all right, Di, don't worry," possessed a certain quality of irony.

The exposure to Judaism was an opportunity of uncalculated worth. I was privileged to be enlightened concerning a religion rich in tradition, one in whose roots was grounded my own Christian faith. With the celebration of my first Hanukkah the wonder of Christmas was augmented. For with the understanding of the Old Testament prophesies, I could more fully appreciate their fulfillment in Christ. The harmony and compatibility inherent in both faiths was not always obvious to outsiders. Such was the case when Helen and I decided to spend Spring vacation in Atlanta, visiting my family. Not only did I wish to share my "sister-friend" with my parents, but I was anxious to awaken her to the reality of Easter.

The fact that Easter coincided with Passover did not appear to be a nuisance until we realized that the observance of her holiday would necessitate the carrying of two boxes of matzos, one dozen bagels, and a box of kosher macaroons past the inspection of two airport security guards. "I'm sorry, miss, but you'll just have to

open those boxes." "But there's nothing in them but matzos, bagels, and macaroons and they'll get stale if we open them." Where are you going that you need all that stuff anyway?" "Oh, we're going to her house for Easter." Whether that explanation satisfied or mystified the conscientious official, we made our way onto the plane with unopened parcels.

With the dawning of each new day, I was coming to a deeper understanding of just why these beautiful people were "the chosen."

"I'm not sure, but the feeling I get is that this is going to be one of the greatest events ever," commented Emotio upon entering the dome.

"Yes," replied Lucif, "All the arrangements have been made." And indeed, they were made. Money was no obstacle in constructing this super-dome, for it was what the people wanted. Each of the three billion seats were more like homes, capable of supporting life as it was for eighty years.

Tension began to mount as the masses began pouring in, and, as can be expected, it took quite some time to get everyone in his place, set for what was billed to be as one of the greatest, most near-climactic events ever known to man. Yes, the masses were there. Each person so very different and unsimilar. Yet, each one so much alike. For, each had come with the same thought in mind.

"I wonder what their decision will be this time," pondered Emotio outloud as he looked ahead toward the games. Although he had not been around then, Emotio had heard of similar games of the past, which were in preparation for this main event.

"How truly lucky I am to be alive," whispered Emotio inwardly.

"Yes, how truly lucky you are," agreed Lucif, interrupting Emotio's train of thought.

After a few brief exchanges with old acquaintances, Emotio began to drift back into his thoughts once again. Lucif seemed to have taken on a different "air" about him. He seemed to be or at least he seemed to think and act as if he was in control of things.

"Sure," admitted Emotio to himself, "Lucif always did seem to be more intelligent, and, things always did seem to have a way of coming out the way he expected." But now Lucif seemed more sure of himself than ever before. Nevertheless, there was no more time for thoughts, for the time had come and the game was ready.



On stage were the three, symbolic representatives: the Black; the Christian; and the Jew. The rules of the game were to pick the one group it desired most to terrorize and wipe off the face of the earth. The people seemed to enjoy this game more than any other, for it gave them a sense of power and of power and of knowledge of good and evil. For, they believed they became the good and the other the evil.

The game was called to order and the debate began. Emotio noticed that Lucif still had his peculiar air of confidence and satisfaction as they listened intently to the various self-appointed orators, who were hoping to convince the group of their beliefs. Then, Lucif, at what he believed the appropriate time, turned to Emotio and whispered "You, my friend, shall be 'Prince Emotio' for we shall sway these people." Lucif then rose and approached the speakers platform. Already the people noticed the confidence with which he handled himself, and a general undercurrent of anticipation arose from the dome.

Lucif began calmly, "I am not often swayed by elegant speakers and neither I believe, are you. I have never claimed the ability to convince through words, for truly all things are stronger than the orator and his misguided rhetoric. I believe that the past; that history, and the facts, will lead us to our decision." Lucif's words rang through the silent dome. Somehow, he had gained their respect and even more important their total attention.

"In the preliminary games we have tested the Black, and while he played the game well, he still believed in his cause; for which we offer the smallest respect. The same occurred with the Jew. We attempted to wipe them out by the most ingenious of means and yet, they too stayed to their cause. But, what of the Christian? He, truly, is the lowest of all low things. He compromises and lies and crawls on his belly denying his God!" The undercurrent was now growing to monstrous proportions, for, the people began to see his reasoning. Shouts of "Death to the Christians" could be heard coming from



all parts of the dome.

Lucif knew he had won. He turned to the Christian who was now trembling with fear and said, "For what cause are you really Christian? Stand up and deny your God and show how worthy you have become of our death!" The people were now under his power and the Christians under the power of the people. Truly, Lord Lucifer was king for a while.

"And he called his disciples to him, and said to them, 'Truly I say to you, this poor widow has put in more than all those who are contributing to the treasury. For they all contributed out of their abundance; but she out of her poverty has put in everything she had, her whole living.'"

(Mark 12:44,45)

The sunlight hit her eyes and she woke abruptly. Startled, she jumped up from her pallet and reached for her robe. Then she realized what she was doing. Slowly, she replaced her robe in its proper corner and sank back down onto the edge of the pallet. As if in a daze, she sat, staring bewilderedly at the room and its contents.

"It's so quiet," she thought. "Almost as if someone had died." She clutched her garment closer around her body and shivered violently. "Now stop it, Ruth! You mustn't let yourself think that way!"

Deliberately, she arose and once again picked up her robe from its shelf. Slipping her feet into her nearby sandals, she shuffled across the dirt floor. With a cautious and measured movement, Ruth unbarred the door and let it swing inside on its leather hinges. Sunlight crowded into the room, anxious to search out every corner and fill it with brightness. A crease in Ruth's forehead smoothed itself away, and the intense, troubled reflection in her eyes retreated. In its place came an isolated, faraway look. For a few moments she stood in the doorway with her right arm still swung back, holding the door, and her left arm cushioning her head, which rested on the doorjamb. Then her right hand reached up to gently replace a loose strand of hair. The door slammed against the inside wall, and Ruth jumped. Briefly, her mind struggled, unwilling to return from a peaceful, dreaming world. But then she turned from the doorway, and shut it firmly behind her.

Her robe swung gracefully around her slim legs as she moved quietly toward her sleeping pallet in the corner. With a determined air, she folded her blanket and then continued on around the one room of her small house, tidying up as she went. When Ruth came to the corner where she kept a clay vessel filled with water, she splashed the warm liquid over her face. She longed to wash away the loneliness and worries that had gathered there like so many cobwebs in the past few months. For fifty years her face had endured the sun's cruel rays, and its surface was brown and lined because of it. Her hands were clothed in the same, wrinkled, rough skin. And now her fingers yearned to rub out all those creases, make her skin soft and smooth; to start over again, and create an entire new life--to put off the problems that now faced her.

"Oh Daniel," she thought. "It seems so long since you've been gone." Ruth sighed deeply. She dried her face slowly, with great care, studying her hands intently. Her fingernails were chipped and broken. The palms were stained and scarred. The veins in the back of her hands stood out, pressing against the skin. "These hands worked in the fields; they raised a child; they buried the one I loved the most, and yesterday they passed the last of Daniel's money to Rebbekah's new husband." Now she spoke aloud. "What else could I do? No decent man would marry a girl without a dowry." Ruth realized she had been walking while she thought, and as she finished speaking she found herself at the table. Sitting down, she closed her eyes, and her cracked lips moved to the words of an ancient psalm she had learned as a child:

"Listen to my words, Lord,
and hear my sighs.
My king and my God,
listen to my cry for help.
I will pray to you, Lord;
in the morning you hear my voice;

at sunrise I offer up my prayer,
and wait for your answer."

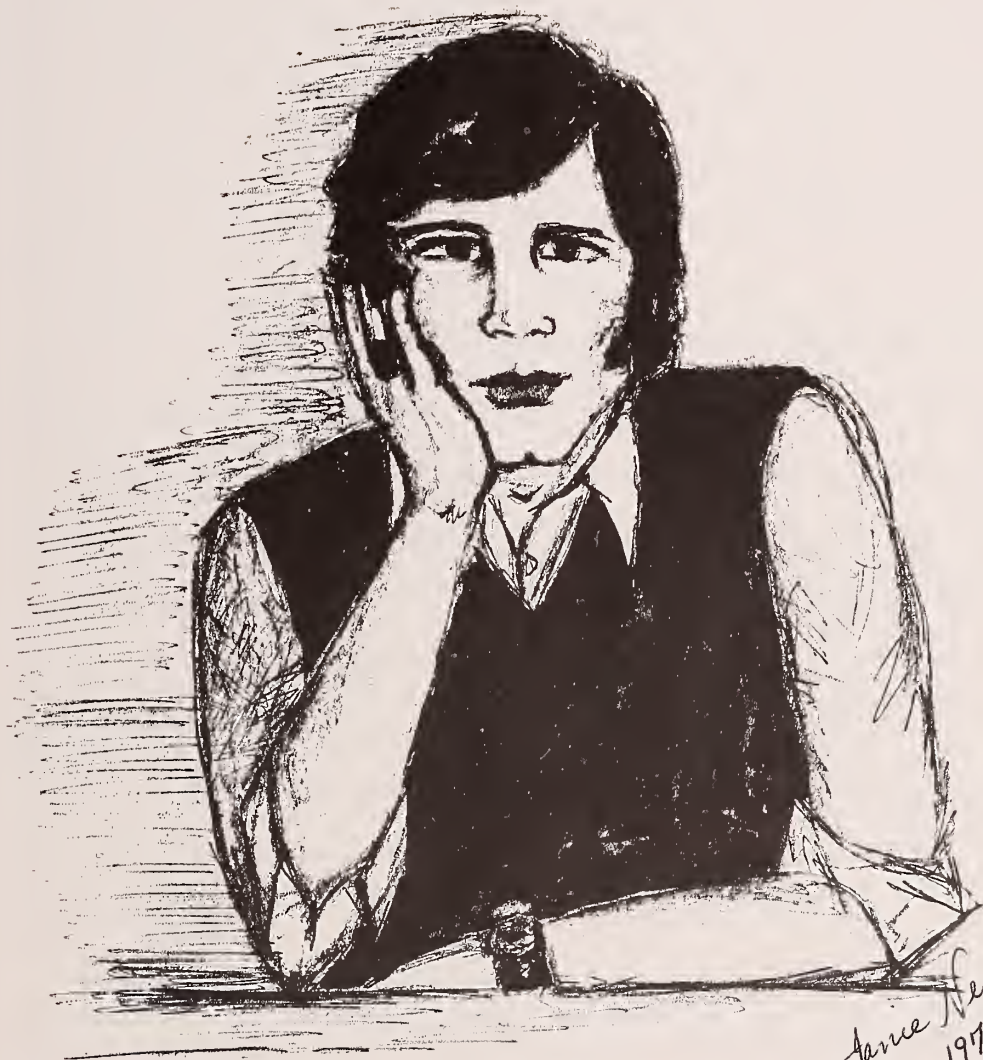
Ruth could feel the warm sunshine on her eyelids. It was creeping between her lashes, flowing into the corners of her eyes. It reassured her, somehow. It made her feel peaceful and secure. As she opened her eyes once again, a smile began to form on her face. She looked fully into the sun that was pouring its light through the window, and then lowered her eyes to the floor. There on the floor beneath the window were two copper coins, shining brightly side by side. Disbelievingly, Ruth moved to kneel beside them. Then the light left her face, abruptly. "What does it matter? Who long will two copper coins feed me? Tomorrow I will again be on the verge of going hungry."

Ruth remained kneeling on the hard-packed dirt floor. She stared blankly at the coins, until they seemed to jump and dance before her. Then she stood, and her gaze swung once more to the sunlight flashing through the window.

"My Lord, is this your answer to my prayer?" Puzzlement and frustration rose within her. Slowly, as if unaware of her actions, she bent her knees and picked up the two coins. Grasping them tightly in her right hand, she adjusted her robe around her head and shoulders and stepped toward the door. The synagogue wasn't far; she would reach it in time for the noon prayers.

It sometimes seems strange; the events which stand out most after the years have passed. Like recalling the Hebrew phrase "Jehova Jira" (The Lord will provide), which my father placed over the dash of the new car that we had prayed for. I remember riding in the car through the mountains of Wyoming, and my mother saying, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." , and everyone knowing full well that the verse did not fit that application, yet just smiling knowing that she loved it. I recall the Christmas in Rochester, Minnesota, when we had little ourselves and my father bought gifts and a tree for a poor family. It was that winter that I discovered the true meaning of Christmas. In my minds eye, I see a skinny little girl, reading seventeen magazines and wearing just a hint of the Avon sample of lipstick so that everyone would think she had grown up and that Mother wouldn't find out. Still, I see her at her wedding, thinking that she was the most beautiful sister in the whole world. I still feel the thrill of seeing my Mothers' huge flowered hat, polishing my Dad's sunday shoes as a suprise, or buying something for my sister, just to see if she would cry. I remembered the times we prayed together. I remember the times our prayers were answered with food, with money, with encouragement, or with divine healing.

Of one thing I am certain. A tie still binds our hearts together, a tie which will remain forever unsevered, Yet, more wonderous; the events which have served to bind us together, have served to bind our hearts to God.



Jane Hewbert
1975

FISHING

Throughout my life, the reoccurring thought of a lazy afternoon sitting on a scenic river bank under a shade tree, possibly at the side of a handsome young man, persuaded me to pursue the romantic sport of fishing. My first opportunity came when I was eighteen years of age. I had landed a gentleman that wanted me to know the numerous fields of which he was an expert. After a short period of persuasion, we were off to the perfect fishing spot at a nearby river. Finally, I was to be delighted in the experience of fishing for the first time.

Upon our arrival with the necessary assorted equipment, including a pail of fat, slimy earthworms, we sought the most likely spot for fish. What was at one time a picturesque park with thick oak trees lining the side of the clear river, and tufts of grass mingling throughout the trees, was now a barren flood area. Blades of grass tried to spring up in the dried, cracked earth. Arched twenty feet over the river had been a walking bridge made of massive blocks of stone. Now the bridge lay scattered like a fallen Roman temple. Only the skeleton of the bridge still stood above the river. Not seeing any fish in the murky, muddy shallows at the side of the river, we climbed the skeleton to the center.

We proceeded to get comfortable and prepare our tackle. With my fear of heights and water, it was very difficult to relax. I sat motionless so as not to disturb the already seemingly weak bridge. After Bill had attached the float and sinker to the line, he was surprised that I wanted to put the worm on the hook. As I attempted to attach the slimy, squirmy creature to my hook, I had to resist my desire to toss it aside vehemently. The rod over his shoulder with a long swinging motion, he cast the line into the water. Letting the hook and worm sink three feet under the water surface, we waited for our first fish. In the eternity that followed, I sat realizing the tremendous



amount of water that swept by during the flood, and the damage it had done. Close by, the homes showed signs of fresh paint, the trees had dead grass and debris wrapped around them, and the landscape was drab with a barren water line. I was brought back to the present by a sudden snag on the line. Reeling in the line revealed only a badly mangled worm. Hoping the condition of the worm was due to a fish, we quickly cast the line again. Anxiously watching for a sign, the only movement we could see was the circular rings of rippling water moving away with the slow traveling river. Impatiently, we drew the worm in with the same result. Again we tried, and again we failed. In approximately five minutes, totally discouraged, and convinced there were no fish present in the muddy river, we left.

I have come to the conclusion that fishing is not a romantic sport at all, but a very trying sport. Indeed, one that takes great patience. If I were given the chance again, I would try to catch a fish.

IT MUST BE TITLED SOMEBODY

Not really a driveway, merely two parallel ruts, two hidden dirt tracks bordering a center ridge of grass and weeds. The narrow entrance was barely visible from the roadway through the overgrowth of alders and the bosque of scrawny red thorns. The car wound into the woods, needles scraping the bottom pans on the crusty ridge occasionally or spattering through murky puddles, for quite a long distance.

It ended abruptly. In a clearing of trampled pine needles, decaying brush and dying vines hung in a tarpaulin, about twenty by ten feet square, tied to four stout trees with thick manilla rope. The green canvas, sagging beneath the weight of the soggy mat of pine needles, formed a roof about seven feet high where Jasper would park the red black-walled Volkswagen. On the far side of the tarpaulin were piles of salvage-car parts to exotic automobiles, scrap iron, and odds and ends of furniture. From the back of the tarpaulin, a path led through the darkness of the piney barrens and arbors of wild raspberries toward his house.

From the house, the ocean was only a few hundred yards distant, visible through the wisteria. Seaweed on the coast isn't green. Jasper imagined, as he walked, hunched from the waist, his head pivoting on his thick neck in fearful suspicion, he imagined a flotilla of ochre seaweed with long tentacles splayed outward in many directions. Perhaps a bottom crab inching about the web of algae in search of urchins.

The house leans. Contrived about shakey pine timbers, hand hewn jack-pine, copious with red knots rimmed in sap. The shift of the walls has broken a window---now the cracks are stuffed with rags to make them water and insect tight once again. The front screen door hooked to the door post with heavy

wire is rusting through. The screen is patched with burlap. Tar paper, spotted with bird dung, flaps in the mild breeze on the steep saddle roof, leaving exposed the bare swollen cracks between the grey boards.

The wall joints, soaked heavily with creosote, are a dark deep brown. The boards, greyed with sun, rain, and age with flecks of brown and black, are drawn to the joists with red, rusting nails. The wall served both inside and out. The interior--dusty brown, hazelnut brown with a bit patina from the moist salty air, the heavy pungent aroma of creosote rising from the leathery brown joists. Along the walls, paddles hung and buoys to be repainted, salvageable varieties of jetsam. Insulated from the cold with sawdust and straw. About two rooms and an outhouse. The furniture, comprised of barrels, boxes, a paint-bare piano and a rusty army cot, was largely dump scrap.

As for Jasper--a man of medium height, slight weight, and a distinctive odor of the sea. He had a thick lower lip, ruddy, tanned, tawny skin hidden beneath his seldom shaven whiskers. His mouth was held in a trance like that of a deaf mute; lips agape, tongue curled over the front teeth touching the lower lip with a blunt tip. The hair, a sort of salt-pepper grey; unkempt, grown-out and croppy. The eyes showed the sensitivity in him--water light blue, big and gentle. Deep creases were worn into his forehead.

A dingy white T-shirt shown through a gap between the first and third buttons of his red and white flannel plaid shirt. (The second button was lost.) Green work pants, stained with fish blood and fish oil and smeared with a compost of fish scales and rotting seaweed, follow down from his belt to his knees. The bottoms of the legs of

the pants disappeared into black rubber hip boots, rolled down to form cuffs of white lining.

Sunday afternoons, he went dump picking. He loaded weekly treasures-- pump handles, piece of rope, a toilet seat, a chiffonier and some lumber. There was a piece of applewood (it made good firewood) and a freshly killed pheasant. He also examined a squirrel, hit by a deep tread tire exploding the innards and spoiling the meat.

He removed the stuff from the car and stored it neatly under the tarpaulin. He went to the arbor for Sunday raspberries and some elderberries for pheasant gravy. Intent on a new desire, he hurried into the house. Sitting at the piano, he began to play. And Sinphonia to Cantata--Bach No. 29, joined the smells of decaying wood and the rich compost of garbage to invade the piney barrens--even to touch the pink rocky coast.

AN ENLIGHTENING EXPERIENCE?

Out of my eighteen years of life I've spent far too much of it in jails. In fact any amount at all was too much. My first and most influential taste was when I was fifteen years old. I had just arrived in Fort Lauderdale after a long, sleepless night of hitchhiking. It was nine o'clock in the morning and I needed sleep bad.

The beach was crowded but seeing the sand, and the beautiful female type sunbathers I decided I could use some of that--the sun! So I shed my shirt, walked over, and laid my sleeping bag down for a pillow. I was asleep as soon as I lay down and stayed that way for maybe ten minutes until I woke up with a sharp pain in my shoulder. The sharp pain was a foot kicking me with a policeman attached to the other end. After he had gently dragged me up to his squad car I asked him if I had done anything wrong. His reply was, "Don't give me any shit, you," and a shove against the car that almost broke both my arms gave me the impression he wasn't kidding.

The next thing I knew I was in jail. First I had to wait in a long line to be questioned. Since I was a fifteen year old runaway at the time, I decided to tell a few white lies and stick it out in jail a few days instead of a few years in reform school. From there they took me to my cell. My cell number was twenty-one.

It was a large cell with about thirty-five beds and two toilets in the middle. The beds were metal racks one on top of the other. If you were lucky you got a plastic mattress too, but most of these were hoarded one on top of the other by some of the cellmates who were already there, and later by me. I didn't bother waking up for meals but slept the rest of that day and night.

The next day I was brought to court with the others who were brought in the day before. I didn't have to wait long and I was charged with sleeping in the open---thirty-five dollars or seven days in jail. It was going to be a long seven days.

Back at the cell I talked to one of the other unfortunates. First I met "Palm Tree," or so we called him from then on. He gave me the impression he was straight out of the jungle, his clothing, speech, his walk. After I could understand him a little better I found out he was in for pulling a leaf off a palm tree (and I thought I was a criminal)! He had already gone to court and make the mistake of pleading not guilty. He had been in jail for a month and his trial was not for two more months. I tried to explain to him that if he had pleaded guilty he could only have gotten two weeks in jail to begin with. He said he wasn't guilty, and why should he lie. What could I say? Also there was "The Ring Ding Kid," who, of course, was in for stealing a Ring Ding.

Besides the usual percentage of Drunks (about two-thirds); vagrants, hitchhikers, and junkies were brought in by the hour. Five or six of these people got into a very heavy rap about waterbeds, the revolution, peace, and politics with me that ended up with me getting punched in the mouth. From then on, I kept my conversations limited.

From then on, time passed so slowly I thought I'd never get out. On the night before my release I was so excited I couldn't sleep. About midnight I was sitting around watching my fingernails grow when a cop brought somebody over to the "singles cell" across from our cell. On closer inspection, I found it was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in ~~my~~ life, or so I thought. I immediately started to reconsider

my hasty departure, when suddenly "she" spoke. Need I say any more?
I went straight to bed without further delay.

The next morning I woke up early. They came and got me just before breakfast--yes, they tossed me out at six o'clock in the morning, penniless and without breakfast. As soon as I got outside, I realized I had no idea where I was.

Here I was at six o'clock in the morning, nowhere to go, in complete rags, hungry, and no money, but I tell you I couldn't have been much happier. I was free. Even today when I think back to that morning, no matter how bad things are, I always feel a little bit better. Maybe everyone should take a snooze on the Fort Lauderdale beach. It will give you a sense of freedom.

"It has come to my attention that the population count in your countries and mine is getting much too high. The only alternative I can see is to play another round of War Monopoly," hissed Tricky as his beady little eyes shifted around the room in his office.

Seated in the oval office of the Paisley House at Washington, A.C. were chairperson Mao Tse-Tungstun, Georges Pompidon't, Leonid Brezhniffy, Goldy Meirstein, and (of course) Tricky.

After everyone mumbled in agreement, Tricky sent for Humble Henry to bring in the game board. As Henry Kisshammer came in with the board, Tricky felt the need to speak (and it was futile to try and stop him).

"I just want to make it perfectly clear that I'd like nothing better than to sit in on this round, but we are having an energy crisis here and I must get to my San Domingo retreat to burn some more reel-to-reel logs in the fireplace. Mr. H. Henry Kisshammer will be my officialspokesman. And let there be no mistake about what I've just said (expletive deleted)."

After everything was set up, Humble Henry spoke, "In front of you is the board and your own private phones to your strategic military outposts. Since I am the host of the game, I shall roll the dice first."

Henry came up with a nine and landed on " CHANCE" It read, "You have just destroyed two hundred enemy tanks."

"I'll take one hundred of Mao's and one hundred of Leonid's." Henry mumbled greedily.

"You'll be sorry for making such a decision," declared Mao Tse-Tungstun and promptly drew a "demolish three cities of your choice" card. "So much for New York, Paris, and Jerusalem." retaliated Mao.

"God will get you for that, Mao," prophesied Goldy Meirstein.

And so the game went on and on and on. Two years, three months, and twenty-

eight days later, the game was drawing to a close.

"I'll trade you \$2,000,000.00 for all of my P.O.W.'s," Humble Henry bargained with Leonid Brezhniffy.

"What do you take me for, a snook?" retorted Leonid. "Five million and its a deal."

"I must consult with my superiors before I conclude a deal such as that," replied Kisshammer. Picking up the phone, he called Tricky at his haven and asked for instructions. He recieved this answer which won the game for him.

"See that panel of little red buttons on your left that reads,"Sixth and Seventh Fleet Attack, Fifty second Airborn Division Attack, Atomic Submarines. Attack, Air-to-Air Missles Attack, SAM Missles, ICBM Missles, and Twenty -megaton bomb." Push them all at once, get out of your chair acting disgusted, walk down the hall, take the elevator down to the bomb shelter, and wait for eight months."

Congress neVer met again that year, Tricky had no opposition in the next campain, and his own personal poll showed him with unanimous popularity. The fact that Tricky and Humble Henry were the only ones left may or may not have had anything to do with it. After all, its not how you play the game, its who wins that counts...



HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HORN

When you first obtained your new horn, you probably thought it was one of the most perfect examples of function and beauty. I know the feeling of almost flawlessly smooth valves, and slides that are greased to perfection; a full, rich tone, and the glitter of fresh laquer. But unless a horn is kept up, these can soon become things that are only past experiences. I am going to tell you how you can keep your French Horn in top condition all the time.

The most important part of your horn, that you have to watch, are your valves. They should be checked about once a week to see that they have plenty of oil. Without good valves, you as a player will not be able to improve, so keep them well oiled.

The valve caps can be unscrewed, and when you do so you will find the first place to put a (one) drop of oil. Then if you will look around to the backside of the horn you will see another spot. If you will look right at the base of the valve casing, where the spindle comes out, that spot there needs to be oiled. (If you have mechanical valves, the joints in the arm should be done also). I think that you can find ordinary valve oil in any music store.

The next most important thing to keep after, are your slides. There are two or three main tuning slides and three or six valve slides, depending upon the make and type of the horn. These should be kept well greased. You can usually notice for yourself when they are in need of greasing.

The best thing I have found to use as a lubricant has been lanolin, which you can usually find in any drug store. You should wipe off the old grease before each application. Don't use too much, since it will only be scraped off if there is excess, when you put the slide back on the horn. You want a stiffness in it, so that it won't slide unless you pull or push it. Greasing the horn probably takes more time than anything except what I want to mention next.

Wash the horn. Its just like a human, except that it gets dirty on the inside. When you play, all kinds of junk, like what you ate for lunch, get piled up on the inside of your leadpipe. The closure, of this already small tube, causes a choking tone, therefore it ought to be cleaned out about once a month.

To clean your horn get a trombone cleaning brush, and hot water. No, you'd better use medium warm water because hot water will take the laquer off the horn. If you have a bathrub handy it might be easier to use it. You can usually play it by ear from this point. Just fill up the lead pipe with water, to loosen the material inside, and run the brush through it. Don't be grossed out by all the junk. You'll get used to it.

The last thing I wish to cover, is the care of your horn's looks. This isn't really important to the sound produced by your horn, but you'll appreciate your horn more if it looks nice.

You're probably thinking of using brass polish, or silver polish, if you are anything like I was at the beginning of my horn career. Well squelch that thought right away. Its the worst possible thing you could do. The polishes act like sand paper on laquer. What you should do is get a chamois that you just wipe your horn with after each use. The chamois takes the acid from your hands off the horn. Its the acid that causes corrosion of the laquer. Just a quick wipe after each use will fight off corrosion for several years.

All you have to do is follow these easy directions to keep your horn well preserved for your use. Hopefully, you won't need a new horn except once every ten years or longer, if you get a good one to begin with and follow these rules of upkeep.

THE GREAT TOE

At the extreme ends of a pair of human legs, jut out ten silly appendages called toes. Under normal circumstances, these are divided equally between each leg. Of the ten, the two arousing the most interest are the inner digits, alias the big toes.

The big toe, or hallux, is most readily noticeable for its size, thus its name--the big toe. It is to the foot as the thumb is to the hand. Unlike the thumb, however, the hallux does not diverge from the remaining toes, but instead is quite parallel to them. Complete with its comparatively massive bone and monstrous nail, it is reined by the muscles in the foot.

The driver holding these reins is the most sophisticated computer known to man. Yet, even under the control of the human brain it is possible for a big toe, along with its corresponding foot, to place one human being in a tense situation. But there are more pleasurable experiences involving the great toe, one of which is an activity often taken for granted.

Perhaps its most important use is its aid in the ability to walk. The best way to show this to be true is by a demonstration. The best way the reader might demonstrate this to himself is to simply remove his right or left big toe and then note the difficulty he has walking. The same convincing method might be used in showing the toe's influence on the art of running.

It is this writer's opinion that the great toe is most often noticed when it is just being used for its owner's pleasure. There is a surprising number of ways in which the toe comes to the limelight for this purpose. It is used as a dipper to investigate the temperature of any given body of water. . . before the rest of the body will venture in. It sends out wonderfully peculiar sensations when exploring richly green grass, fine green grass, fine sand, or



thick, juicy mud. Imagine tiptoeing through the tulips without a big toe. I won't even begin to discuss the effects of the great toe on the American, National, and World Football Leagues. Then there are grandmotherly types who panic when the two-year old is on the verge of bursting into tears; so they grab the kid's big toe and exclaim with all their entertainment abilities that it went to the market. Still others have the zealously fought for talent of biting one's own big toe. But beyond all these is the controversy arising over the aggravated professor who has decided to forcibly ram his hallux into the posterior extremities of an impervious pupil.

Not an eye, nor a heart, nor an ear, nor a hand. But its a big part, wouldn't you say?

Rightoe!

THE SOUND AND THE VW

I'll never forget my first car. It has long since emblazoned itself in my memory, filed away in the same drawer with a collection of tetanus shots, numerous heart-rendering good-byes, and other traumatic and painful episodes from the hinterland of my checkered past.

It was a bleached red 1962 Volkswagen sedan of dubious value. The shade bleached red might sound alluring, and when the proper proportion is mingled into a midsummer sunset, it no doubt does have a certain aesthetic appeal. But please, not my VW. Battleweary as it was, a cohesive mass of electrician's tape and chewing gum combined with this pale hue, it took on the appearance of an elderly tomatoe can. And now, as it stands on its palsied tires, destitute of hubcap and tread, its pseudo-laminated windows throw off a bedazzling, and totally ludicrous-looking false nimbus, one begins to recognize the disguised demonic sarcasm in this corrupt mechanism. But this realization came to me after several hair-raising escapades, so first impressions first.

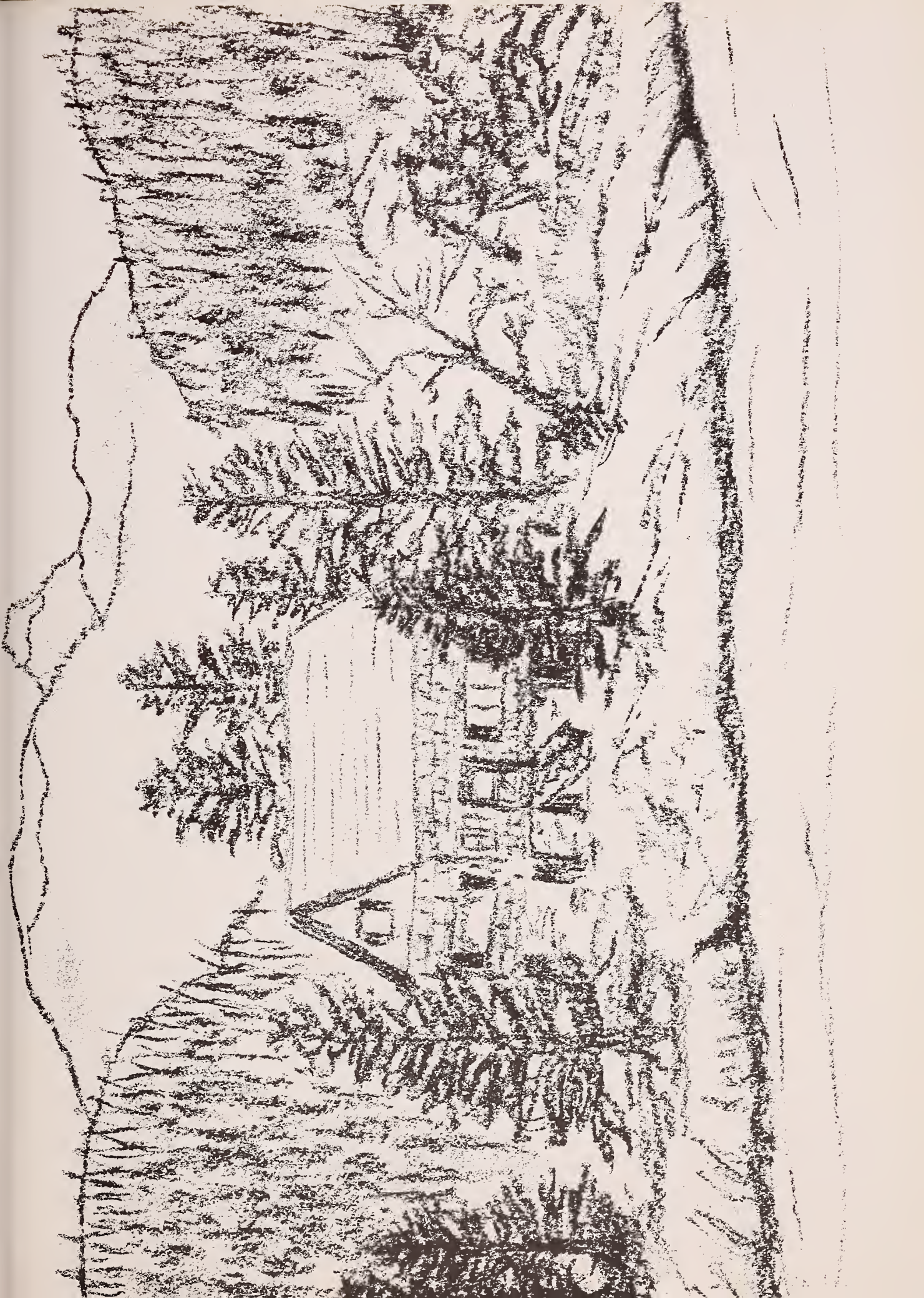
Immediately upon entering for the first time, I was hit by the acrid odor of old, slowly decaying tobacco in the overflowing Midden-heap of cigarette butts, circa 1918, which issued forth from an even older, more dilapidated ashtray. But this smell was short-lived, soon to be drowned under the overpowering aroma of an eternal oil leak. Forcing the greasy key into the ignition, I gave it a furtive, pleading turn. The car responded with a few preliminary coughs and sputters, then turned over like a rum-soaked drunk.

Traveling, more sensations dawned on me. The exhaust was getting inside, acidulous in taste, burning my eyes and singeing my nostrils.

Dust from the floor and seat rose to meet the spiderwebs, and did I detect, yes, rising from the sunroof, that easily recognizable guano that had slowly been accumulating for the last six months.

The car was dented high and low. How shall I describe it... suffice it to say it had taken its share of hard knocks. Furthermore, it had a mind of its own. Most of the time it took the countenance of some deep, malignant evil. Here I am expressing a sixth sense which I have experienced only once, a sense of attachment in doom to this insensate piece of tin and rubber.

This is the only sense I feel when the car hits those broken trails. While the unwieldy tires jolt to the characteristic uneven firing of the sludge-covered pistons, all sight, sound, feeling, all thought falls from me as ineffectually as feathers shot from a cannon. Because I am suddenly aware again of the demon in my Volkswagen who is leading me to Hell in a handbasket. Yet I can't forsake it, for my horror is mixed with a kind of masochistic love. Wherefore, in those wooded black hills and dark grassy plains abounding with all the corrupted wild weeds of nature, we ride the night.



THE MEMORY

The sun was shining brightly as I strolled along the path toward the meadow, a picnic basket swinging at my side. The rays of the sun, peeping amidst the branches and leaves of the trees lined up along each side of the trail, were projecting mirages of golden glitter. Now and then, a leaf or two would rustle as a warm breeze would gently blow, bringing a fresh clear aroma like that just after a rainfall, and a splendid fragrance of wild meadow flowers. It was a beautiful day for a picnic.

As I neared the meadow, I saw a familiar landmark. There at the opening was the old hollow tree stump where I used to hide my childish treasures in order to keep them away from my younger brother. As time had elapsed, the stump had been successfully camouflaged by a thick growth of moss, and my one-time treasure chest had been invaded by a colony of ants.

The stump was hardly noticeable and I began to wonder if I would be able to recognize the meadow. To my delight, it was as beautiful as always! The tall, slender blades of meadow grass clothed the earth in a blanket of soft green velvet. Occasionally, a breeze would gently wave the soft grass to and fro, revealing the hidden daisies, violets, black-eyed susans, and lilies of the valley that spotted the meadow's velvet blanket. Everything was just perfect, that only the hands of nature herself could have made such a magnificent arrangement! In the midst of this splendor stood an oak tree, majestically towering over one of nature's most beautiful works of art. It's outstretched arms, fully clothed in leaves, provided shelter and comfort from the hot rays

of the sun. Nearby, flowed a small brook whose babbling brought music and an atmosphere of relaxation to the meadow. Here also, would nature's creatures come to quench their thirst.

As I sat beneath the oak tree eating my picnic lunch consisting of fried chicken, potato salad, homemade rolls and molasses cookies, a young doe and her fawn came from behind a clump of thickets and made their way toward the brook. I remained perfectly still, so as not to alarm them. As I watched them, my mind went back to when my brother and I would come to the meadow and have a picnic, similar to this one. We, too, would see many of nature's creatures come to drink from the brook. Now he was gone and I could no longer share this with him. After the doe and her fawn finished drinking, they turned around and in a flash they were gone.

Time too, had gone, and it was time for me to leave. I had wanted to come to the meadow to relax, but the memories of my brother were too fresh, too real. Yet, I am glad that I went because I had a chance to really live the memory once more. Although he is gone physically, he will never be gone from my memory. Just as the meadow dies in the winter and revives in the spring, so does the memory of my brother whenever I return to the meadow.

Drowsy summer days were spent lying in the sleepy hot sun with the record player turned up extra loud so we could better hear Sibelius' "Pohjola's Daughter" or Debussy's "Iberia." When the sun had us so hot we were almost wilting, we'd run down and jump off the ten foot rock cliff into the icy cold mountain stream--sinking down, down into its frigid black depths, then rising, rising to pop our heads out above the clear light blue surface, gasping for breath. Or we'd run down the pine-covered path to the Little Falls where we'd slide with the frothy rushing water into the sun-warmed pool below.

The tapestry of fall was woven with the quick excitement of the crisp cold air and the drowsy languidness of the bright Indian summer days. It was a time of marching band practices on freezing rainy nights, of sheer soaring pleasure at the clear fiery fall-turned forest around us, of eyes reopened to the sun-warmed world of wonder-filled life. A time it was of solitary walks in dark lonely woods, of growing in the soft evening air, a time for reaching out to the flickering world around us for the deep friendship only the earth can give.

We grew from those times into the winter months--the days of life restrengthening for Nature. Then with the first snowfall, we were seized by that childish madness of all ages to skip, jump, run, roll, tunnel, tumble in that white carpet of magic snow. All the young ladies became dainty fairy Snow Queens while the young men became tall handsome Snow Kings (or Abominable Snowmen who ate us up) transported about on crystalline sleighs drawn by eight adorable white reindeer of exquisite grace and style. In contrast with this was the sad reality of dreary homework for the next days worn-out English and Science classes, which really weren't so dreary, but we

had to pretend.

The times, though, when the homework did get dreary was when the earth was awakening from its sleep and began proudly showing its baby life forms full strength. The days of no school and no commitments were spent wandering through the meadows and woods counting the delicate pink lady's slippers, discovering dilapidated old farmhouses, watching the English sparrows dig for food, waiting for the last piece of ice to break away from the bank and sweep swiftly downstream. After nine months of days spent cooped up with twelve hundred kids inside a huge cement and brick institution, we were waiting for the last tests to be taken, and then to be free for the three sunny months ahead--months of contemplation, of relaxation, of restoration of strength for us, for the coming months, the coming years.

It seems such a world of children now as we look back on those simple years. Today we're taught the necessity of working throughout the years, thereby accepting our rightful responsibilities in today's world. Now that we've become Adults, we're taught not to count the lady's slippers, not to watch sparrows dig for worms, not to revel in the awakening of spring and people to it--we count the number of dying or presumed dead, we watch the governments play games with the world's peace, we're to revel in the complete comprehension of what makes one human being hate another. And we're to say, "this is life" and be satisfied.

THE QUALITY OF THE IMAGINATION

I have a few very vivid memories from my earlier years, particularly from my early school years. One incident that has been on my mind lately, happened in kindergarten. My kindergarten class was the average type class where mostly all the students did was paint, play, eat, and sleep.

I remember one particular day I had to draw the usually required pumpkin. I thought I had drawn a really unique picture of a pumpkin that day and was so proud I ran up to my teacher saying, "Look at my picture!" She simply replied with her frequent answer, "That's very good, Colleen, but..." and proceeded to show me how to draw a pumpkin "right."

I can easily recall how disappointed I was then, for that disappointment has never left; it has only changed. When it first happened I was hurt because I had thought she would be really proud of it the way I was proud of my picture. The disappointment I feel now is not aimed only toward her, but many other instructors, both professional and non-professional, who throughout my life have been correcting my pictures of "reality."

The question I want to ask them, and anyone else, is what is reality? Is the imagination an extension of reality or is reality an extension of the imagination?

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary defines imagination

as: IMAGINATION, FANCY, FANTASY mean the power to form mental images of things not before one. IMAGINATION is the most general term and the freest from derogatory connotation; it may apply to the representation either of what is remembered, or

of what has never really been experienced in its entirety, or of what is actually non-existent.

Is it wrong to present something as you see it? In fact, isn't reality what others tell you you see? When you were a child how did you know that a bed was a bed or that it existed at all? Before something can become "reality" it must first be presented in our minds. What we determine as reality is our interpretation of what we see, is it not? Less than 50 years ago, people thought that putting men on the moon was impossible. It was simply in someone's imagination. Today it is accepted as a reality.

On my wall I have a poster showing a stream rushing over rocks down a cliff. All the rocks and trees are covered with green moss, a sign of life. On the bottom is the inscription, "The quality of the imagination is to flow and not to freeze. (Emerson)."

Rather than teach our children to allow their imaginations to freeze, I think it is important that we allow them to let their imaginations to flow freely. Just as the water in the picture is a source of life to the plants, the imagination is a source of life to our souls.



Loving LIFE

I love LIFE

it is warm

it is gentle

it flows around me

it likes me, too.

I love LIFE

it is hard

it is sharp

it has currents that pull me under

it hurts, sometimes.

I love LIFE

it is varied

it is not all bad, not all good

it is together

it is Jesus helping me.

Dear Lord,

(a song)

What is this tenderness that I feel

as I think of you?

What is this longing that fills my soul

to give myself to you?

What is this power that surges strong...

yet softly whispers...free

Is it an echo of something pure that reaches out to me?

Lord, keep this love I feel...so deep..

safe within your plan.

Help it to teach and heal my soul

as I place it in your hands.

As I pass through waters deep

and feed in pastures fine

bind my soul, yet closer still, to your love divine.

As I learn to feel this love

that You desire for me

as my face, uplifted, smiles

with joy complete and free

may a warmth burn deep within

strong, and pure and clear

may my one desire be for your presence near.

And may your praise be on my lips

and your name...so dear

As your spirit whispers close

and eyes are bright with tears

as your love heals all men, and cleanses....deep within.

It snowed today- all day!

I didn't feel like playing in it, though:

I'd rather just watch the others in their childlike gait,

Or gaze out the window and watch my breath fog up the pane.

Snow changes all my surroundings-

People, scenery, buildings and emotions.

A flake falls on my eyelashes causing my mascara to run,

Oh well!

I feel refreshed today, Lord,

Because You sent snow.

BE FREE

Be free....

As a beautiful autumn leaf...

Wisping through the crisp clean air.

Having known what real beauty is...

And lived all four seasons...

Smiling at the sunny skies...

And swallowing earths sweet rain...

And morning dew...

Gentle nourishment from the Tree of Life...

Be free....Praise God...Be free!!!

Dance to the winds gentle wooing...

Cheer to the sweet songs of birds...

One life with so many stages...

Only to go back from whence it came.

To create another miracle.

You are truly beautiful... truly beautiful....

Freckles and shaggy red locks
Passionate, twinkling, shamrock green eyes
An impish leprechaun grin
Strong, tender, encircling arms....

I woke up this morning wanting him
Stumbled through the day needing him
Looking forward to the night when
We can at least be together in my
dreams.

GIVING BIRTH TO THE NEW DAY

Shyly she peeps over the rim of the world
Blushing prettily, searching,
darting to and fro through the lacework of the trees
as if to detect someone watching her.

Softly she kisses the cool brow of the sleeping earth
Breathing warmly, giving,
moving tenderly across hill and vale
as if not to waken the world.

Cheerily she hastens along her way not
Calling passionately, yearning,
leaping across the miles of lazily stretching land
as if to chase away the shadows from the face of her lover.

In passing by, our eyes meet

the responding smiles are genuine

for somewhere within each of us

a particle of apathy is washed away...

conquered.

A trickling stream of compassion

pushes it aside,

and somehow, the little current becomes

a river...

it overflows.

We reach out, and the waters will converge

if we let them.

Indifference can not be allowed

to dam their gentle emanation.

We should train ourselves to touch another...

we must be taught to care.

A TREE

Green come jolly
spreading over-
head a tent of love,
cool and peaceful,
a rest from the sun,
tall and strong the
symbol of lastingness,
green with life, drawn
from the earth's deep
darkness. A tree-
how much you could
teach us!

Fire come slowly....Burning in deep ambers, playful reds, and
bright oranges.....the taking of life.....giving of beauty
giving of love. She tucks away the earth's deep darkness
'Neath a snug, colorful blanket....quiet and warm....A tree-
oh how freely you give.....

Death come quickly
Bony fingers reach
upward from pain-
bent arms
upstretched in need
yet silent.....
accepting.....
Giving so selflessly,
so fully, giving all
A tree--symbol of
THE TOTAL GIFT OF
LOVE GIVEN

Life come triumphantly
Green again clothes
and warms outstretched
arms. Colors blossom
in a fanfare of life.
Life bursting forth
in joyful release
Captive no longer,
transformed in beauty,
turning the soft play-
ful wind to tunes of
love given...forever,
of triumph over death
rebirth.....
A tree--reminder
of the promise of
life everlasting.

"For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace;
the mountains and hills shall break forth before you into
singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands"

Isaiah 55:12

A WISH

Dusk is approaching silently, as a girl
hands in pockets,
shuffles deliciously
through snow softened
lonely streets
Virgin whiteness, yet undisturbed
by busy folk and hurried cars
cold... yet snuggled up in warm thoughts
of far away...

far away...
in another snow-feathered street, walks a young man
hands in pockets
stepping... lonely...
through the silent
night time streets

oh that
hands in pockets
could be
hand in hand... on snow softened
happy streets
hearts snuggled up in the warmth of love
eyes alight...
the wonder of nearness

I COME FROM ONLY YESTERDAY

God, you can't leave me alone .
Why is it me you have chosen?
Has it been so long that I've been gone?
They are all zookeepers for themselves.
To ask me to understand this is like
Understanding you.
How am I to help them remember
Rolling down a grassy hill
And crying joyfully
Because of the pollen in their eyes?
How am I to help them laugh when friends
Smack a snowball in their faces?
How am I to start them telling
Tales and riddles round a bonfire?
How am I to get them crying
When an old friend dies and
Can't be Christianly buried?
Tell me, tell me how I'm to
Get them to start playing music makers
Without those crazy silver and
Gold wires?
How am I to unblind
Old mothers and fathers in their
Locked cages?
This world turns my head all around

For the young ones are respected

And not the old.

I accepted your gifts to me before

So I shall again.

With you beside me, we will help

Those foreign children

In their native land.

HOMeward JOURNEY

The sky above was dark and overcast
A cooling wind began softly blowing,
The dew dampened grass so fresh and green was cooled
By the breeze which was blowing more fiercely now,
And he so timid and small, sat beneath a towering shade tree in bewilderment.

He stood and made his way to the edge of the forest
And gently leaned back against a tree,
The trees were changing colors at this time
The oranges, browns and rusts along with the assorted other hues in the
gentle breeze,
And he listened attentively to the whispering wind as it sang through the trees.

And he began walking once again, making his way through the woods
And he came to a small brook, winding it's way through the forest,
And upon it's banks were flowers
And they were of delicate types and fragrances,
But many were dropping lazily and were dying.

He followed that brook out of the small forest
And found himself shortly afterward in an open field,
Abruptly, torrents of rain began tumbling to the warm earth
And as the raindrops splashed against his gentle face,
He continued on his homeward journey.

The lightning flashed, filling the sky with splitting light
And the thunder clapped, And he thought to himself for a while,
Then he smiled and stated quietly, "How wonderful life is!"
And a rain soaked squirrel scurried past him,
But he didn't notice since he was blind.

REFLECTIONS

When our time together is over,

Can I still be your friend?

Can I still take your hand and show you the flowers,

still tell you my dreams,

still smile at you;

Can I still love you?

When our time together is over,

Can I walk with you at twilight,

Can I run with you through the waving grass

towards your shadow in the setting sun,

Can I speak with you when we're alone,

Can I still laugh and smile when I'm near you,

Can I still care?

When our time together is over,

And I still Love you!

"WHAT I SEE TODAY IS FOREVER"

Today it is snowing out. It makes me rather disappointed to see the white, dusty, sparkling snow covering all of the green plants which are waiting to live again. The snow falls and falls and gathers on the frozen ground just to melt into icy water which will soon disappear forever. The green blanket of the earth will spring forth toward the golden rays of sun and will be blown by warm breezes until these breezes become colder. The withering plants will go into and through their short life just to wither toward the ground and blow away into the swirling circles of their neighbors. Up, up through their empty lifetime homes they will fly. Away, farther than we know, will be their destiny. Is all lost? There is still hidden life in protective shelters unknown to winds, under the yellows, greens, oranges and reds of over-protective elders. Today it is snowing out.

"THE CLEARING"

As I walk along in silence I look around me. There is nobody around. All I can see is green as far as I look. The beaten path that I follow is all that guides me. It is not a big path, but it is rather narrow. The brown soil which it is made of is almost covered up by damp leaves and undergrowth. It curves around the trunks and the rocks which enter upon its course. There is a new surprise around every corner. Along the path there is a clearing where the beaten ground widens. There is water on each side of the clearing. It is not clear, clean water but more of a green foggy water. It is surrounded by foggy air and boggy banks which disintegrate if I go too close to their edge. The scent of this area is cool and damp. As I glance up I can see the bright yellow source from which streams of bright light filter through the leaves. The atmosphere here makes my skin feel moist and cool.

As I rest myself on some hard cold rocks my mind wanders out of this small clearing in the forest to faraway places only I can see.

ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR

First of all, I had a very hard time figuring out just what the ----abnormal behavior is for me. Finally I gave up.

Anyways, I am very slow with women. As a matter of fact, I have never seduced a woman in my life. I have been waiting for a woman to make the first move here at ENC. So as usual, my sex life is zilch.

Figuring I could kill two birds with one stone, I decided to brush up my "lines" a bit and play the field (curse this assignment). First you must understand that I'm quite (?) around girls. Well, I slapped on some Aqua-Velva, slipped into my oxblood cord-van's, and wrapped it all up with my purple windbreaker with the genuine Playboy emblem on it. I tell you I was really beginning to think I was hot stuff, with visions of myself walking out of Student Center with two girls under each arm.

The results were disastrous. I felt like a real ass. I stuttered, spat on girls while I talked to them, and tripped over everything in an eight mile radius. I felt unnatural and ridiculous.

I guess partly the reasons for this are the reactions I got. I don't even want to talk about it. Now none of the girls will even talk to me and everyone thinks I'm on drugs. WHAT CAN I DO!?! But I guess after all, this is normal--for me.

FEAR OF EACH OTHER

In the very depths of one's mind one may visualize one's life as a vine, complexly interwoven with vines of other lives, creating so confusing a tangle that one vine is barely discernable from another. Yet each vine may be separated from the others at its source. If searched out, cutting the others away, a particular vine may be revealed in its entirety -- whole, alive, and important.

The noise jumped upon me, blocking up my ears as I entered and saw the blur of unfamiliar faces. Shapeless bodies with horrifying grins greeted each other -- touching, smiling, looking... I found a seat and mechanically began to shovel a rather tasteless substance into my mouth. Occasionally a laugh or greeting would attract my attention. Hesitantly I would lift my eyes to glance in the direction of the sound and hurriedly return my gaze to the formless mass which had affixed itself on my plate. As this mass finished lumping in my stomach, my neck, tired of its cowering position straightened lifting my head out of its hole. As my eyes slowly focused for the first time on my surroundings, I noticed with a pang of anxiety that many of those around me had their eyes fixed upon their plates searching for some long lost article amid the vegetables. As I wondered what they had lost I found myself staring into two cold dark orbs. As our gazes locked we penetrated each other -- each searching for the very substance of the other. When our gazes separated we were both too afraid to look again.

And so, we all continue to sit and look with curiosity at one another, rarely wanting to catch the disease of involvement, but desiring to understand... But as the vines become more intricately intertwined, so shall we become open -- in heart and mind.

There is a hill very high up in the sky overlooking the city. It is a pretty hill where the green is still there- the trees and grass still live and the sky is blue. Tall, white buildings progressing toward heaven shun the green and the life. They pump out black smoke, they make black the blue of the sky. They make brown the things that were green. They make to die the things that were once filled with life. The ants run back and forth serving the great buildings. The ants feed the great buildings, they worship the great buildings. They do not know the buildings will crush them, the buildings will kill them. The buildings will destroy the ants. Cry for the ants which are the people. Cry, for the people do not know. Cry, for there is no hope.

The people by the wall- Why do they laugh? Not laugh good, but a laugh with no care, no love, just hurt. I do not know their fathers or mothers nor they mine. Why do they hurt? I do not understand. I must not be hurt. If you hurt you die.

"SPRING FEVER"

I awakened to an unusually early sunrise this morning. The light shone on my window shades and sent forth an orange glow around my entire room.

I jumped out of bed and shot a quick glance at the clock only to realize that I hadn't risen this early on a weekend morning all year.

I threw on some jeans and a warm sweater and ate a quick breakfast of orange juice and corn flakes as I anticipated what I might find outside.

As I pulled open the door warm rays of shimmering sun penetrated down on me through the glass and blinded me to what was beyond. I walked out and the first sensation I felt was the cool breeze in my hair and on my face. The air had the scent of damp earth and freshness drifting through it. I noticed that the grass had grown many green patches where just yesterday there had been only mud. The trees had small buds on every limb and somewhere far off I could hear an early bird singing.

All that I experienced brought a surge of joy and delight which made me want to jump and touch the sky and hold the whole world in my arms close to me. All these things gave me a pleasant illness I would call "spring fever."

Near the slopes of the rolling hills, where sheep and cattle graze, runs a little river. Not a big river, like the Mississippi or the Ohio or some other monstrous giant. But the kind that develops from the memories of boyhood, the ones of old men fishing lazily, pole in hand and hat over eyes. The ones of trout better than a foot long, skinned and sizzled slowly for an early morning breakfast. The ones of the hot sun beating down on you as you pedaled until the feet were too hot, too sore.

This is the country. The place where the American boy is brought up and raised. He is schooled there, learns to play ball there, and numerous other activities that one cannot possibly recount.

Like a bird returning to it's nest, so a country boy returns to the land. Many times he wanders off, in search of a grander way, of city-life excitement, of fame and fortune. But one thing always remains --his heart is inexorably drawn back to the country.

"REMEMBERING"

...Remembering my life and all I have felt in the distant past, I don't experience things in the same innocent and bewildered way I used to.

I cannot change. I will not change. I don't want to lose my bright childish images. They are sparkling and alive like the sun shining on a spray of rain. They are fresh and pure like a daisy growing among the leaves.

But I feel myself drifting into the paper doll pattern of every day life. "Grow up," they say as they continue on in their style of living as though they had no imagination flowing from their being.

But no one will catch me. I will act as They do because I love them and do not wish to hurt them, but I will not become blind. I will experience all things with new surprise and wonder.

I will radiate gentleness and peace and know that I am satisfied because I have lived my life to its fullest, not merely existed .

